

Champions

Machine Gun Kelly

Hey yo,
Ain't nobody left for us?
Shit
Last one standing
Lace up!
Black Flag!
Bad Boy, bitch!
Ay yo, it's lonely at the top
Ay yo Kells, Ay yo Kells you ready?
Ay yo Kells, get these motherfuckers

All of y'all better wake up now
Everyone's a little late right now
Keep it real, I'm a little high
How the fuck you gonna hate right now?
Remember my first single?
Chyea well it's doing great right now
Took a 5 hundred thou out the gate
Straight to the bank right now
Shit gets wicked in my city so I got a semi in the waist right now
Everybody fuckin with me and if you ain't then you outta place right now
Everybody ain't real, everybody can't be us
Everybody stay losin, that makes us champions
I take that title, till they wave like that tidal
Introduc'in' me to Billie Jean, shit I'll take that Michael
Tryin bring the paper in, my paper thin like that Bible
That is how you win stackin Benjamins till it's big as the Eiffel
Uh

We are the champions my friends
And we'll keep on fighting till the end
We are the champions
We are the champions
No time for losers
Cause we are the champions of the world.

I came straight from sellin' nickel bags
Out my baby mama pad just to get a meal
Straight from puttin similac in a Walmart bag tryin make a steal
Straight from burnin' 1 thousand CD's with my name on it
Opposite of what the game wanted, motherfucker we just tryin' get a meal
Now the shaker grad boy, signed to the Bad Boy
But I ain't gettin cheesecake, no this ain't Making of the Band homeboy
Oh is that my bitch? God damn she Colombian homeboy?
Ever since I got some fans homeboy haters tryin' be my friends homeboy
Pull up in that tour bus everybody know what's going on in there
Backroom lotta panties droppin lotta pretty bitches pretty long hair
I'm a talk my shit, bitch I came in the game as rookie of the year
Blake griffin, Kyrie, Amare Stoudemire
Yeah and still couple people gotta problem with me at the hater magazine
I mean Fader magazine, tell the journalist to suck what's in my saggy jeans
Choke motherfucker, choke man none of fans open up your fuckin magazine
Lucky I don't have Jemermaine come up in your office and load up a fucking m
agazine
Charlemagne don't like me, what's his name won't fight me
I'm a hype individual God damn it hype beats hype me
Maybe cause I wasn't a good kid in a M.A.A.D. city like Kendrick

I was just a little bad motherfucker beggin landlords to be tenant
Beggin everyone to give my song a listen, tryin' get up out a shitty job position
Tryin' get a 24 karat gold toilet cause I never had a pot to piss in
But it's ok I'm still maintaining,
No no no man fuck that, fuck maintaining,
I'm tired of being humble
It's time to let these industry motherfuckers know, man
I wake up and I see four MTV-awards on my dresser that I got this year
I'm rollin up J's as long as my fucking shoe on a fucking gold gold plat
Lace the fuck up!

Champions

Bad Boy

Lace Up

Black Flag

Never, never, never give up

We see you at the top, baby

We will be waiting there with a ice cold flask lemonade and Cîroc

And a couple of bad bitches inside the [?], cause that's how we do

If you make, you're welcome

Champions

Get down or lay down